

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 3. NO. 20.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 124

A Dozen Reasons

Why I Should Vote Against President Taft.

BECAUSE:

- 1.—He signed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, and referred to it as the best tariff law ever enacted.
- 2.—He vetoed the Farmers' Free List Bill, the Woolen Bill, and other bills reducing excessive tariff duties.
- 3.—He has failed to take any steps to lessen the present high cost of living.
- 4.—He supported Ballinger in his efforts to turn rich coal deposits in Alaska over to the Guggenheims.
- 5.—He has used federal patronage to maintain a political machine manipulated in his behalf.
- 6.—He abandoned his official duties to enter into an undignified scramble with his predecessor for re-nomination.
- 7.—He has lost the confidence of his party and of the people.
- 8.—He failed to support Dr. Wiley in his administration of the Pure Food Law.
- 9.—His trust policy has helped the trusts and brought no relief to the people.
- 10.—His administration has resulted in disappointment and failure.
- 11.—He is a reactionary.
- 12.—Ex-President Roosevelt, who knows him best, says of him: "He has proved faithless to the cause of the American people."

Why I Should Vote Against Ex-President Roosevelt.

BECAUSE:

- 1.—He has broken his solemn promise not to be a candidate for a third term, therefore his other promises are not to be relied upon.
- 2.—For seven years he was president and during those seven years the very conditions he now pretends to combat viciously, were more thoroughly developed than during all the other periods in the country's history.
- 3.—The day he became president there were 149 trusts or combinations, capitalized at \$3,000,000,000, and the day he retired from office there were 1,030 such combinations, capitalized at \$31,000,000,000.
- 4.—He permitted the Steel Trust to acquire the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, its principal rival, in violation of the anti-trust law, and forbade the prosecution of the Harvester Trust at the request of George W. Perkins, HIS PRESENT NATIONAL CHAIRMAN.
- 5.—The man next to Roosevelt, responsible for the third term movement is Geo. W. Perkins, Perkins is the promoter and defender of the most pernicious trusts in the United States, which are the most vicious oppressors of the men, women and children wage earners of the country.
- 6.—He urges the legalization of trust watered stock and monopoly, as first advocated by PERKINS, HIS PRINCIPAL SUPPORTER AND FINANCIAL BACKER.
- 7.—He accepted campaign contributions from trusts, insurance companies and "crooked business," and denied that he had done so—"My dear Harriman," I stand for "Bess," Flinn "Doss" Woodruff and other "Bosses" who serve him.

8.—During the seven years he was president, he failed, even refused, to lift a finger against high tariff. Who believes, if elected he would try to reduce excessive tariff taxes? Why is he surrounded now by high tariff men, who are contributing freely to his campaign fund?

9.—He loves war better than peace.

10.—Out of office he promises too much, and in office performs too little.

11.—He says that the small farmer and the laborer of the city are not to be mentioned in the same breath with cowboys, etc. After describing the drunkenness and deadly shooting affairs of the cowboys, he writes:

"But they are MUCH BETTER FELLOWS and PLEASANTER COMPANIONS than the small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor are the MECHANICS OF A GREAT CITY TO BE MENTIONED IN THE SAME BREATH WITH THEM."

12.—President Taft, who knows him best, says of him: "He is a demagogue, a neurotic, a flatterer, and egotist."

Why I Should Vote For Next President Wilson.

BECAUSE:

- 1.—He is the only candidate for President who represents the real, the vital and the effective progressive forces in this country.
- 2.—He stands for tariff revision downward in the interest of lower prices and the elimination of monopoly.
- 3.—He stands for trust legislation which will prevent the control of prices through any sort of monopoly.
- 4.—He stands for the income tax and believes that wealth should share the burdens as well as the blessings of government.
- 5.—He stands for the rights of labor and the protection of him who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, as shown in his record as Governor of New Jersey.
- 6.—He stands for the revival of our merchant marine, and for the government encouragement of agriculture, industrial and vocational education.
- 7.—He trusts the people and believes that the governed should govern; and that Senators should be chosen by the people.
- 8.—He faithfully performs in office the promises made out of office.
- 9.—He will "CLEAN HOUSE" at Washington as he has "CLEANED HOUSES" in New Jersey.
- 10.—He preaches and practices clean politics, and practices it effectively. He unalterably opposes machine politics and the rule of the bosses.
- 11.—He stands for legitimate big business every day, but for monopoly never.
- 12.—As Senator La Follette says, "He approaches every problem with the solemn promise to be really, in the highest sense, a servant of the people."

See my line of Ladies' Cloaks and Coats.

Finest line ever shown here at the very lowest prices.

C. W. WOMACK.

School Notes.

Six weeks of the West Liberty High School have now gone by. We, as teachers and students, look back upon the short period with feelings of regret or satisfaction according to the manner in which we have spent the time. Some of us have made the most of our opportunities, while some have failed to see the advantages that youth offers us and as a result are forced to say within ourselves, "I did not do the best I could." To such ones we would say: "Let the past bury its dead, but look to the future for opportunities to develop the best that is within you." Life is a long, continuous journey over which we pass but a single time and if we have an opportunity to do well, it is our duty to do it. For we never pass along the same way again. And to the parents of the boys and girls in our school we wish to say that it is your duty to help the children see the need of using every advantage that comes to them, for afterwards they will be men and women with other things to busy their minds besides trying to get ready for life with its duties and responsibilities.

We also take this opportunity to invite you to join us in our efforts to make the school grounds more inviting and pleasant for your children by planting trees on the campus November 15th. The grounds now look bare and uninviting, but when covered with trees and pleasant shades it will present a more favorable appearance and thus stimulate the pupils to more determined efforts. Just make up your minds that you will plant at least one tree in the grounds, and when the 15th comes be there to join the many who have assured us of their help to beautify the grounds.

Some may think they have reasons to feel that they are justified in refusing to aid an institution in which they are interested, but have not been permitted to run in accordance with their own opinion. But remember that self-sacrificing often brings more real joy than having ones way. For remember that:

"'Tis easy to be pleasant,
When life flows along like a song;

But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And the smile that is worth the
praise of the earth
Is the smile that shines through
tears."

Please accept the following little story from the little people whom we are trying to teach to think and put their thoughts on paper. This one was written after the pupils had been told to describe a day in the woods in the autumn.

CHESTNUT HUNTING.

It was agreed among us school boys that we should go chestnut hunting Sat. Oct. 12. That morning we awoke earlier than usual. We had our dinners prepared, as we intended to spend the day in the woods. When our dinners were prepared we started on our journey. It was a clear beautiful morning and the birds were singing gayly. Large flocks of birds flew over our heads getting ready for their journey South. There was a haze at the summit of the distant hills, and their was laden with the breath of the dying flowers.

When we reached the woods, we were overjoyed to find that Jack Frost had painted the leaves so many different colors. Some were yellow, some were red and some were still green.

When we reached the place where the chestnuts were to be found we hung up our dinners and hunted till noon, then after eating a hearty dinner, we continued at our work until late in the afternoon. Then we started home as the light was fading in the west. The clouds that floated near sunset were painted many different colors. Some were of a golden color and some were white. On our way home we gathered many beautiful leaves. We had all the chestnuts that we could carry. When we reached home it was getting dusk. We all enjoyed our trip very much after so long a journey.

WALTER SEBASTIAN,
7th Grade,
The Normal Room,
—CISCO.

Mr. Meek Here.

Warren M. Meek, of Thelma, representing the Agricultural Department of Kentucky, was here Saturday till Monday making preliminary arrangements for holding a Farmers Institute at this place Nov. 6-7.

Mr. Meek was formerly a newspaper man and that is sufficient to say regarding his qualifications for the position he holds.

The indications are that a record breaking crowd will attend this institute and that new subjects will be discussed and the farmers of Morgan county will have an opportunity to hear something they have never heard before. In all six lectures will be present, among them a lady lecturer of national prominence and a representative of the Good Roads Department and the Department of Forestry.

These lecturers are free and he or she who fails to hear them stands in their own light.

Noted Author Here.

Wm. H. Lewis, Scholar, Author and traveler, of Niles Mich., is taking a few weeks rest at the Cole hotel.

Mr. Lewis' latest work, the title of which we are unable to give, will soon be in the hands of the printer and everybody in West Liberty ought to get a copy as soon as it is published, from the fact that part of it was written in this town for no other reason. But, judging from our acquaintance with the Author, the book will have many other features to recommend it to the public generally and especially to students of Biology.

A school boy wrote an essay telling how a little boy made friends with a goat. One day when the boy was sitting on the river bank the goat butted him into stream and he drowned. The question, which is the goat Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt, or both?—Commoner.

Practically the entire population of Gary, Ind., attended the funeral of Billy Rugh, the newsboy who gave his crippled leg that the skin might be grafted on the body of an afflicted girl, thereby saving her life.

Jas. M. Elam is headquarters for winter supplies, Lender and Repeater 1211

Local and Personal.

Go to Keeton's for Cheese Sandwiches.

Frank Day, of Alice, was in town Saturday.

Newt Perry, of Pamp, was in town on business Saturday.

Miss Ada Del Nickell, of Ezel, is visiting relatives in town.

Dr. J. E. Goodwin is at Ezel this week doing dental work.

Clayton Calahan, of Lamar, was here Saturday on business.

Charley Bailey, of Dingus, was in town on business Saturday.

Ira M. Nickell, of Panama, was in town on business Saturday.

Miss Ellice Fugett, was a business visitor at our office Saturday.

W. T. Caskey, of Lenox, was a business visitor in town Monday.

Attorney, John D. Phipps, was in Frankfort on business last week.

Mrs. Grace Gevedon, has been very sick, but is able to be out again.

Everybody's going to do it. What? Attend the "Old Fiddler's" contest.

De Witt C. Ferguson, of Pekin was a business caller at our office Monday.

Mrs. A. N. Casco is visiting her brother-in-law, John R. Days, at Lexington.

Attorney, S. M. R. Hurt, was at Yocum and Wrigley on legal business Tuesday.

Are you going to the box supper at Pamp Friday night? Everybody else is going.

Crit Smallwood, who has been in Washington for two years has returned home.

Willie Williams, of Alice, paid the Courier crew a pleasant visit while in town Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Toliver and little son, of Morehead, are visiting relatives in town and county.

Misses Mollie Day and Minnie Barker came in Monday night to see how we make Couriers.

If you don't come early you won't be able to get a seat at the "Old Fiddler's" contest the 26th.

Dr. W. G. Carter, who has been very sick, is much improved and is able to be out again.

Willie Elam, of Index, came in while in town Saturday and gave us an order for stationery.

Tom and Jim Cottle, of Forest, left Friday with a bunch of mules for the Mt. Sterling Market.

J. Taylor Day, a prominent merchant of Cannel City was here on business the first of the week.

Wiley May, the show-man, of White Oak, was in town Monday and gave us a nice order for job work.

Mrs. Dora Keeton and children are visiting relatives and friends in Salyersville and the country surrounding.

T. J. Daniel, who is working for the Kentucky River Hardwood Co. at Quicksand, is spending a few days at home.

Misses Kathleen Steele and Hattie Adams returned Monday from a few days visit to relatives and friends at Wrigley.

Greenberry Carter, of Frenchburg, was the guest of his brother-in-law, L. T. Hovernal and family Thursday night.

Mrs. L. D. Steele and little son Carl left last week for Columbus, O., where they will join their husband and father and make their future home.

Floyd Long and family, formerly of this county but who now lives at Middletown, O., have been visiting relatives on Caney and Grassy Creeks.

Misses Eliza Hovernal, Della Cavity, Maud and Cassie Wells have the thanks of the Courier crew for assistance rendered in mailing out the last issue of the paper.

Mrs. Jno. B. Phipps entertained at five o'clock dinner Monday afternoon; the guests present were Prof. and Mrs. Cisco, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Daniel and Mrs. J. D. Lykins.

Miss Marksberry, of Harrodsburg, will arrive Nov. 1st to take charge of the election department of the West Liberty High School. She comes highly recommended.

Remember well and bear in mind, A first class printer is hard to find. But we have him—if you don't believe it give us your jobs and we'll convince you.

J. W. Ferguson, of the firm of L. P. Haney & Co., of Licking River, came in Tuesday and subscribed for the Courier and also gave us an order for 500 letter heads for his firm.

Esq. G. W. Phillips brought into our office Saturday morning a vegetable curiosity in the form of a twin potato, the two united by a slender neck and both perfectly formed.

Jaf. Hamilton, of Silver Hill, was in our town the first of the week. Mr. Hamilton informed us that he would leave for New Orleans in two or three weeks to accept a position with an insurance company.

Assessor John Patrick, of Grassy Creek, and J. P. Haney met in our office Tuesday, whether by accident or pre-arrangement, we are unable to say. We will not repeat their conversation. Suffice to say that it was extremely interesting.

AT THE BIG STORE!

For the past 14 years we have been serving you—as a supplier of your needs—in the mercantile line. During all this time we have endeavored to deal honestly and squarely with all. Whether we have succeeded in this we leave to your judgment. Suffice to say that we are at the same old stand, doing business in the same old way, able to furnish you with dependable merchandise of all kinds.

We offer you nothing but First-class Goods in every line at the lowest possible prices.

Having had such a large experience in buying for this community, we flatter ourselves that we know your wants, and, this season, we have made unusual selections.

We have just returned from Cincinnati, and offer you nothing but strictly stylish and up-to-date merchandise. We have the celebrated "Cluett" brand of shirts, the "Arrow" brand of collars—the standard of shirts and collars the world over.

The Selby Shoe Company's shoes for ladies are known and sold in every city in the United States. Will you not allow us to fit you with the latest styles in footwear? In buying this shoe you not only get the latest style, but you have the best wearing shoe money can buy.

We are headquarters, and our stock is now complete with a full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and everything found in a first-class Department Store.

Wont you come in and inspect our stock? We can supply your wants in every line and we assure you that you will receive nothing but first-class goods at the very lowest prices. Remember that we carry the largest stock of goods in this whole section, and that your every want can be supplied at our store. Come in.

Yours for business,
C. W. WOMACK.

LISTEN!

Ting-Tang-Tong-Tung
"Old Dan Tucker," "Sourwood Mountain," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and goodness knows how many more!

You'll hear 'em all at the
Old Eiddlers' Contest

SATURDAY NIGHT
Don't fail to come. You'll be so lonesome if you stay away.

We are informed that J. D. Lykins, who has been confined to his room for several months with rheumatism, is improving rapidly and it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume his work in the Circuit Clerk's office and as deputy Master Commissioner.

THE MUSICAL RECITAL
The musical recital given by the music class of Mrs. Kathryn Daniel, at the High School Auditorium Saturday night, was a perfectly planned and splendidly executed entertainment. The pupils showed the excellence of their training in the skill of their performance. The entertainment was a delightful one and reflects great credit upon Mrs. Daniel and her pupils.

WEDDING BELLS.
Mr. Edgar Cochran and Miss Adah Caraway were quietly married Saturday at 10 o'clock p. m. at the home of the brides sister, Mrs. Henry Cole, Rev. Charles K. Spell, pastor of the Methodist Church at this place officiating.

The Courier joins with the many friends of the happy pair in extending felicitations and wishing them happiness and success.

Millic, One of The Famous Millics—Christine Twins, Dies.

Those in this county who remember seeing the famous twins when they were on exhibition in this city several years ago when they were here with the Bostock Carnival Co., will be interested in the following press dispatch from Wilmington, N. C., of Oct. 10:

"Death Wednesday claimed Millic, one of the famous Millic-Christine twins, known all over the world, while Christine still lives.

We want your job work.

**Pay Only \$15.00
and get a good suit.**



If you want an all-wool extra good quality suit, style and fit par-excellence go to the clothes dealer who specializes

Schwab's \$15 Special

Ready-to-wear Suits for men and young men

You will find them good suits in every sense of the word—hand tailored—well lined—neatly trimmed—and no end of clever styles from which to make your selection. They are the original set price suits of America. We have been specializing on them for seven years and each season have been able to produce better values. The styles and values for Fall 1912 are ready—look up the dealer in your city who sells them—you will have the assurance of being able to get the best suit \$15 will buy anywhere in America.

Do not let anyone else talk you into buying a suit for \$15 that is "just as good" because it is not to be had. Go to your dealer who sells Schwab clothes and you'll get the suit you want at the price you want to pay.

Values of equal merit in Schwab Clothes at \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00

Schwab Clothing Co. ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Makers of Guaranteed Clothes

You will find Schwab Guaranteed Clothes at

Auty McClain's

WEST LIBERTY,

KENTUCKY

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H. G. COTTLE, Editor.

Democratic Ticket



FOR PRESIDENT
WOODROW WILSON.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS R. MARSHALL.
FOR CONGRESS
W. J. FIELDS.
FOR APPELLATE JUDGE
C. C. TURNER.

Wonder who did the voting
in the Lexington primary last
Saturday.

We would rather be a base ball
player on the world's champion
team, the "Boston Red Sox,"
than to be a wounded candidate
for President on the bull moose
ticket.

All of the alleged assassins of
Ed Calahan are now behind the
bars of the Breathitt county
barracks. But what's the use
of all this trouble? We predict a
wholesale jail-delivery in Jackson
one of these days.

"Infant industries" in Heav-
en's name! Aint you sorry for
that strapping "Standard Oil,"
which has lately undergone a
painful process of dissolution?
And the "Steel Trust"—babbling
babe.

Owsley Stanley ought to spend
sleepless nights over the way
he and his Committee have been
spanking the puny weakling.

Poor little innocents, all of
them, but then there have al-
ways been hard hearted, in-
considerate people and there always
will be. For shame.

Quietly but steadily the devel-
opment of Morgan County's re-
sources goes on. The old order of
things is gradually being revers-
ed. Our people are learning that,
"to pull together is best for all."
Business antagonism which for-
merly characterized a great many
of our citizens seems to be dying
out and the spirit of "live and let
live" is becoming more mani-
fest. Speed the day when each
and every business man in the
county will recognize the fact
that our interests are communal,
and be willing to cooperate heart-
ily with each other in the upbuild-
ing of our county and its varied
industries.

FORTY THOUSAND ALREADY PLEGDED.

The Wilson National Progress-
ive League, headed by Rudolph
Speckles, the wealthy San Fran-
cisco reformer, has secured the
pledges of forty thousand Repub-
licans to support Governor Wilson.
These men were deeply disap-
pointed that the Republican Con-
vention did not name a progres-
sive, but they declined to follow
Roosevelt out of the party as they
had no sympathy with the third
term movement. The League is
offered by such men as Dr. Wil-
ley, the former government pure
food man, Senator Blaine, the law
partner of LaFollette, and others
fully as prominent in the repub-
lican party.

VERY, VERY INNOCENT.

Colonel Roosevelt testified be-
fore the Senate Investigating
Committee that he was not per-
sonally aware of any specific con-
tribution to his campaign fund
and that he made no promises or
concessions to anyone. If all
these who believe that statement
were required to stand on their

heads the number would not oc-
casion any special comment.
Everybody knows that the inter-
ests are not in the habit of throw-
ing money at the birds. They
would not have given millions
without some promise of protec-
tion. They are two well versed
in business to make a bad invest-
ment of so much money.

EGO COLLOSSO!

There lives in this world to-day
no such colossal egotist as Theo-
dore Roosevelt. Search all his-
tory, tradition, Mythology, his
peer along this unenviable line
cannot be found. Within the
next ten thousand years, if
civilization should last that long,
there will not arise another to
take his place. Intellectual,
forceful, intrepid, brave beyond
a doubt, but paramount to these
is his o'ermastering love for the
spotlight—his prurient desire for
applause. Having been honored
by the people of the United States
as no other man has been honor-
ed in his day, he dramatically
tossed his sombrero into the ring
and sallied forth seeking new
worlds to conquer and new people
to subdue. Figuratively speak-
ing, that is what his present cam-
paign for the presidency means.

Col. Roosevelt's actions at Mil-
waukee, after being fired upon
by a crazy, would-be assassin
and seriously if not dangerously
wounded, proves beyond a doubt
that the shotee, as well as the
shooter was also crazy: a mono-
maniac whose one desire is un-
limited power and who, if elected
President, would not hesitate to
assume an absolute dictatorship
over the United States or even to
proclaim himself king.

No thinking man any longer
believes that Roosevelt is a pa-
triot. His love of country and its
institutions, his solicitude for the
great common people is swallow-
ed up in his love of self, and his
statement made upon the plat-
form of the Auditorium at Mil-
waukee when he opened his
coat and exhibited his bloody
shirt to the audience, saying that
he didn't care a rap whether he
was shot or not; that his
thoughts were not of self but of
his country and the principles he
represented; These statements
and his actions on that occasion
prove, to an analytical mind
the exact contrary to what the
wily actor hoped and intend-
ed.

II

The shooting of Col. Roosevelt
was singularly unfortunate. It
would have been much more un-
fortunate if he had been killed.
The assassination, or the attempt-
ed assassination of any man,
under any circumstances, is de-
plorable. The attempted assas-
sination of the former President
is peculiarly unfortunate at this
time from the fact that he will
not fail to make political capital
out of the incident, and to pose
as a martyr to a great principle,
thereby further inflaming the
morbid imaginations of an over-
credulous and a hero-worshipping
people.

But let not the public be de-
ceived. The doughty Colonel is
a four-flusher. Patriotism is his
ruling passion no more.

What Americans Would Save.

The Tariff Reform Committee
is prosecuting an investigation of
the difference in American man-
ufactures sold abroad and to do-
mestic consumers and finds that
it is a conservative estimate that
the American consumer is dis-
criminated against in favor of
the foreigner to the extent of not
less than \$2,000,000,000 a year,
or \$100 for every family in the
United States. In other words
that amount would remain in the
pockets of home consumers each
year under a proper downward
revision of the tariff, which
would then yield more to pay the
expenses of an economically ad-
ministered government than the
high tariff does now, which in
many cases goes into the coffers
of the trusts and favored inter-
ests without contributing to the
support of the government.

It will thus be seen what a ter-
rific tax we are paying for high
protection. A vote for Wilson
and Marshall and the Democratic
nominees for Congress will in-
sure a speedy and material reduc-
tion upon the necessities of life

and put on the free list trust con-
trolled products and articles of
American manufacture, which
are sold abroad more cheaply than
at home.

In last week's issue of the Cour-
ier appeared the announcement
of W. French May, of Henry, one
of our best and most substantial
citizens for the democratic
nomination for Assessor of Mor-
gan county.

In presenting Mr. May's claims
for recognition at the hands of
the party he has served so faith-
ful and so well, we do so with the
full knowledge that he has not
been a chronic office seeker—has
not worried his people by per-
sistently asking their suffrage.

Mr. May is a man past middle
age; has been a hard working hon-
est farmer, and now in the even-
ing-tide of life he asks his fellow
citizens with whom he has labor-
ed and toiled to give him this nom-
ination, vouchsafing to them that
if he is nominated and elected he
will be their faithful public serv-
ant and that they will have no
cause to regret their choice.

We ask for him the thoughtful,
consideration of the people.

The parcels post law goes into
effect Jan. 1, 1913. The effect
will be, judging from other coun-
tries in which it has been tried,
not to drive the country mer-
chant out of business, as the op-
ponents of the law would make
believe, but to give the progres-
sive, up-to-date merchant an op-
portunity to distribute his wares.
It is true that some merchants
will suffer because of the opera-
tion of the law. The merchant
who advertises judiciously and
lets the public know what he has
to sell and keeps abreast of the
times in the selection of his stock
will have nothing to fear from
the parcels post. On the contra-
ry it will redound greatly to his
advantage by opening up for him
a much larger field. Every busi-
ness house in the country will
then have an opportunity to be-
come to a mail order house, pro-
vided it keeps what the people
want and lets them know it
through the necessary medium of
printer's ink. But the non-ad-
vertising merchant will be in a
hard row. Standing in his own
light he will take his chances on
running his business in the same
old way. He will depend upon
what he considers his regular
customers until they begin to
realize that there are other firms
offering a greater variety and a
more modern and up-to-date
stock from which to choose, when
they will loose the false senti-
ment that formerly bound them
to one man and one store and
begin to buy of, either the mail
order houses or the progressive
home merchant. Then will his
former business begin to dwindle,
and his former prestige to take
its flight. Too late he will realize
that his strict adherence to old
business traditions was the be-
ginning of his downfall; that his
penny-wise and pound-foolish
policy was based upon a false
idea of economy.

But this is a progressive age
and he who would keep up with
the procession must get in the
van.

HOME, SWEET HOME.
There's an old song and a true one and
you've heard it all your life—
"There's no place like home."
When you've got ten kids and a great big
ugly wife
There's no place like home.
Your mother-in-law comes over and stays
six months at a time,
And all that's left of last month's pay is
but a paltry dime,
And if you kick she'll smash you, while
your wife will join in line,
O, there's no place like home.
If you get a little full it is nice to have a
wife,
There's no place like home;
She is waiting there to carve you with a
great big butcher-knife,
Oh, there's no place like home;
You take refuge in the stable, just to avoid
a fight,
A policeman sees you running and takes
you in on sight
And takes you to the station house and
keeps you over night,
There's no place like home.
When you work all day long and at night
are dead for rest,
There's no place like home;
The baby takes the crib and it yells its
level best,
There's no place like home,
Your wife she shouts: "You bummer, get
up and get a back,
Go and get a doctor and be sure he is no
quack!"
You get up to put your boots on and jump
upon a tack,
Oh, there's no place like home.
When the hired girl gets mad, and for a
job is lo'ing,
There's no place like home;
Your own dear little wife says that she
will do the cooking,
There's no place like home;
The bread has consumption and the homi-
lizes the "ager."
The beefsteak is so tough you can't cut it
with a sabre,
And the butter is as strong as a true-blue
Knight of Labor,
Oh, there's no place like home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.
There's an old song and a true one and
you've heard it all your life—
"There's no place like home."
When you've got ten kids and a great big
ugly wife
There's no place like home.
Your mother-in-law comes over and stays
six months at a time,
And all that's left of last month's pay is
but a paltry dime,
And if you kick she'll smash you, while
your wife will join in line,
O, there's no place like home.
If you get a little full it is nice to have a
wife,
There's no place like home;
She is waiting there to carve you with a
great big butcher-knife,
Oh, there's no place like home;
You take refuge in the stable, just to avoid
a fight,
A policeman sees you running and takes
you in on sight
And takes you to the station house and
keeps you over night,
There's no place like home.
When you work all day long and at night
are dead for rest,
There's no place like home;
The baby takes the crib and it yells its
level best,
There's no place like home,
Your wife she shouts: "You bummer, get
up and get a back,
Go and get a doctor and be sure he is no
quack!"
You get up to put your boots on and jump
upon a tack,
Oh, there's no place like home.
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Knight of Labor,
Oh, there's no place like home.

But this is a progressive age
and he who would keep up with
the procession must get in the
van.

What Americans Would Save.

The Tariff Reform Committee
is prosecuting an investigation of
the difference in American man-
ufactures sold abroad and to do-
mestic consumers and finds that
it is a conservative estimate that
the American consumer is dis-
criminated against in favor of
the foreigner to the extent of not
less than \$2,000,000,000 a year,
or \$100 for every family in the
United States. In other words
that amount would remain in the
pockets of home consumers each
year under a proper downward
revision of the tariff, which
would then yield more to pay the
expenses of an economically ad-
ministered government than the
high tariff does now, which in
many cases goes into the coffers
of the trusts and favored inter-
ests without contributing to the
support of the government.

It will thus be seen what a ter-
rific tax we are paying for high
protection. A vote for Wilson
and Marshall and the Democratic
nominees for Congress will in-
sure a speedy and material reduc-
tion upon the necessities of life

my inspiration from the cold type
of the still colder (let us hope)
poets. But here it is different.
Here the school girls write poet-
ry. Maybe the boys do, too, but
I am not in their confidences.
Even the gas man writes verse,
though that is not strange when
we consider his expertness in
making the "meter" move. Our
country correspondents sometimes
clothe their thought in rhyme,
and, under great provocation,
the editor grinds out verse. But
the Muse (she must be feminine)
turns away from me; the divine
afflatus refuses to give down.

There is something in real
poetry that appeals to the soul of
man. The soaring genius of the
true poet is so far above us ordi-
nary mortals that we grope and
stumble in our attempts to fol-
low them. I have always re-
gretted that Coleridge's dope
dream was not of sufficient du-
ration to have finished Kubla
Khan. And can any one con-
ceive that a normal mind could
produce The Raven? Byron's
death deprived the world of the
ending of Don Juan. Burn's
broad Scotch made his sweetest
thoughts hard to grasp, but the
masterpieces of all the poets lift
us up from the common things
carry us to a realm of thought
and feeling that we would not
otherwise attain.

But, as usual, I am digressing.
I sat down to write of the local
poets and their influence upon me.
I suppose the desire to perpetrate
rhyme is natural under the cir-
cumstances. The effect of asso-
ciations is strong. The thoughts
of others, however expressed, in-
fluences our own acts. Beetho-
ven's tender symphonies arouses
the latent good within us while
Wagner's crashing chords make
us conscious of the primitive that
is in us. However, my knowl-
edge of music is limited, and I
scarcely know the difference be-
tween a fiddle and a violin, but I
am keenly sensitive to harmoni-
ous sounds. Likewise, I have
acquired an intense yearning to
bust into poetry. Maybe it will
better to begin by transposing or
paraphrasing. Some say that
you don't have to learn to write
poetry; you just write it. But I
am extremely modest, and in
inflicting you with the following
I claim no credit, but rather re-
fer you to Byron's reference to
Southey in the last lines of the
first Canto of Don Juan.

HOME, SWEET HOME.
There's an old song and a true one and
you've heard it all your life—
"There's no place like home."
When you've got ten kids and a great big
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There's no place like home.
Your mother-in-law comes over and stays
six months at a time,
And all that's left of last month's pay is
but a paltry dime,
And if you kick she'll smash you, while
your wife will join in line,
O, there's no place like home.
If you get a little full it is nice to have a
wife,
There's no place like home;
She is waiting there to carve you with a
great big butcher-knife,
Oh, there's no place like home;
You take refuge in the stable, just to avoid
a fight,
A policeman sees you running and takes
you in on sight
And takes you to the station house and
keeps you over night,
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When you work all day long and at night
are dead for rest,
There's no place like home;
The baby takes the crib and it yells its
level best,
There's no place like home,
Your wife she shouts: "You bummer, get
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Go and get a doctor and be sure he is no
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It will thus be seen what a ter-
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protection. A vote for Wilson
and Marshall and the Democratic
nominees for Congress will in-
sure a speedy and material reduc-
tion upon the necessities of life

Will You Spend ONE DOLLAR to Elect Wilson President?

How deep is your conviction that this government ought to be in new hands, in
clean hands?

How much are you in favor of a clean slate from Wilson and Marshall clear down
the line to the very smallest offices in your locality?

The Democratic National Committee has every reason to believe that every pro-
gressive voter is willing to spend a dollar to elect Wilson and Marshall and their ticket.

And that thousands are anxious to contribute to the Wilson Campaign Fund in
amounts of \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20.

To such we make our appeal. To such we must look for victory.

Time An Important Factor

This is another case where time is money.
The enemy have their funds—supplied instantly by
the interests.

We have only a few days and contributions to be ef-
fective must be received at once.

There is no question of the money of the People being
able to defeat the money of the Trusts.

Because it is greater even in volume and will be used in
straightforward telling ways.

But to be effective it must be received and used within
the next few days.

Quick action is absolutely necessary. Let us have your
contribution or the list you make up from your friends and
co-workers today if possible, tomorrow sure.

How Your Money Will Be Spent

Woodrow Wilson, our standard bearer, has never had
the time or disposition to talk about himself.

He has never used spectacular methods to place himself
in the spotlight.

His greatest work has been done without ostentation, in
the most expeditious, dignified manner.

The great mass of voters do not know what a really
great man Wilson is. They do not know all he has done.

They do not understand all the features of his platform.
We must tell them.

To educate this great nation of voters, especially the
clear thinking Independent Democrats, Republicans and
Progressives who choose their leader on his merits, means
the expenditure of a vast amount of money.

We propose to use your dollars in just this way—
judiciously, and without a penny littered away for an un-
necessary item.

We know you have confidence we will do this thing—and
successfully.

Why the Dollar Counts

In this campaign the issues lie between the forces of
Representative Government and Popular Government.

In Representative Government only a part of the people
have influence—those with no political faith, who spend
fortunes in any direction where their own ends are fur-
thered for money.

In Popular Government all the people have influence,
because their executives and legislators do not dare to
thwart the expressed will of the people.

Representative Government, as ever, this year is being
supported by the money of the interests. It is being spent
lavishly to give the voters a wrong impression of Wilson.

Popular Government, this year, to win, must depend on the
truth being told about Wilson. We must publish his record
and platform broadcast so that no one can controvert it.

Your \$1, your \$2, your \$5, your \$10 or \$20 will count and
count to win it spent in this work.

the benighted and perverse re-
publicans of the Eleventh dis-
trict have become ashamed that
they once stood sponsor for cable.
And if signs do not fail, that dis-
trict will, for the first time,
elect a democrat to Congress.
At any rate it ought to elect a
democrat or a decent republican
who is free from the shadow of
a crime.

And if the same republican
party in that district that once
endorsed powers and his crime,
have felt the leavening influence
of good doctrine sufficiently to
bring them penitently to the
Lord's side, what may we not
expect from the other portions
of this great nation, where light
has heretofore been shed and
where reason sometimes rules?
It looks as though we might just
as well make the election of Wil-
son unanimous.

WANTED.

For hickory handle timber delivered at our
factory at West Liberty, we will pay
the following prices for same. No. 1 grade,
\$30 per 1,000 billets, No. 2 grade, \$17.50
per 1,000 billets. Billets marked out on
end of log, 2 1/2 inches x 3 1/2 inches.

Huntington Handle Co.,
J. E. MILLER, Agent.

For Sale or Rent.

Large commodious residence on N. E.
corner of Broadway and Vestonburg streets.
Terms liberal.

Apply to W. M. KENNELL,
West Liberty, Ky.

C. W. Womack is headquarters for all
kinds of Gas supplies and fixtures—Gas
Mantles etc. Buy from him and get the
best.

118-1f.

Do you not think it is to your advantage
to buy of a merchant who visits the markets
several times each year. He shows you
the latest styles and most dependable
goods.

Moral, C. W. Womack fills the above re-
quirements.

118-1f.

If you knew of the real value of Chamber-
lain's Liniment for lame back, soreness of
the muscles, sprains and rheumatism pains,
you would never wish to be without it. For
sale by all dealers.

Look at D. R. Kretton's big line of Post
Cards. Comic, Kentucky Scenery and
West Liberty's most noted views.

For the best fine shoes that a lady ever
wore accept nothing but a "Selly" it is the
standard for every work, found only at C.
W. Womack's.

118-1f.

Head a List For the Fund

If you know several Wilson voters, or work in a place
where there are Wilson voters, take up a subscription from
all of them.

Place your name and the amount of your subscription at
the top of the list and get the others to join you.

Mention the name of this paper on your list.

Then mail the list and contributions to C. R. Crane, Vice
Chairman Finance Committee, Democratic National Com-
mittee, 900 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

This is the most helpful work you, as an individual, can
do for clean government next to casting your ballot for
Wilson and Marshall on November 5th.

How to Contribute to the Wilson Campaign Fund

Sign the Coupon in this corner and fill in the amount
you give. Then attach your money to this Coupon and mail
today to the address given on the Coupon.

Issue all checks, money orders and address all con-
tributions to C. R. Crane, Vice Chairman Finance
Committee Democratic National Committee, 900 Michi-
gan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Then write a letter to this newspaper giving your name
as a contributor and stating your reasons why you believe
Woodrow Wilson should be elected President of the United
States. In this way you will be listed as a Wilson con-
tributor. A Souvenir Receipt, handsomely lithographed,
well worth framing, will be sent to you. Your letter will
help the fight by encouraging your friends.

Do everything you can to hold up Wilson's hands in his
clean campaign for the people who do the work and fight-
ing of the country.

Woodrow Wilson Campaign Fund LOYALTY COUPON

To C. R. CRANE, Vice Chairman Finance Committee,
The Democratic National Committee, 900 Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

As a believer in the progressive ideals of government repre-
sented in the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson for President of the
United States, and to the end that he may take the office free-
handed, untrammelled, and obligated to none but the people of the
country, I wish to contribute through you the sum of \$.....
toward the expenses of Gov. Wilson's campaign.

Name.....

Address.....

R. F. D.....State.....

Endorsed by

Get the Habit

Of doing your buying at

LYKINS' GROCERY.

Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Gro-
ceries, provisions, meat, meal and
flour. Quality, first-class.

Ice Cream and all kinds of Cold Drinks.

I have what you want at prices to suit you.

DENNY M. LYKINS, Main Street

10 SHOTS

at your fin-
ger tips in the
SAVAGE
Automatic
Pistol.



Special features that will appeal to you:

Ten Shots—Double the number contained in an ordinary revolver and two more than
any other automatic pistol. Accuracy—The pistol is so constructed that all pow-
der gases are utilized, insuring extreme accuracy, as well as freedom from fouling.
Simplicity—Fewer parts than any other automatic pistol; completely dismounts by
hand, without tools; no screws to work loose. Safety—Breech positively and au-
tomatically locked at the time of discharge. Balance—Perfect balance, center of
gravity well to the rear; lies naturally in the hand. Weight—19 ounces including
magazine; length over all, 6 1/2 inches. HIGHEST HONORABLE IN THE WORLD.
SAVAGE ARMS CO., 503 Savage Avenue, UTICA, N. Y.

MOLES & WARTS

BURNING DAYLIGHT

BY JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE CALL OF THE WILD," "WHITE FANG," "MARTIN EDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MEYER

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Elm Harnish, known all through Alaska as "Burning Daylight," celebrates his 32nd birthday with a friendly crowd of miners at the City Hotel. He is a general favorite, a hero and a plowman in the new country. The dance leads to heavy drinking in which over \$1000 is staked. Harnish loses his money and his wife but wins the most coveted of the district.

CHAPTER II.—Burning Daylight starts on his trip to deliver the mail with dogs and sledges. He tells his friends that the big Yukon gold strike will soon be on and he intends to be in it at the start. With Indian attendants and a dog sled he goes down the trail and into the frozen Yukon and in the gray light is gone.

CHAPTER III.—Harnish makes a sensational rapid run across country to the big Yukon gold strike. The strike is another characteristic celebration. He has made a record against cold and exhaustion and is now ready to join his friends in a dash to the new gold fields.

CHAPTER IV.—Harnish decides where the gold will be found in the upper district and buys two tons of flour, which he declares will be worth its weight in gold before the season is over.

CHAPTER V.—When Daylight arrives with his heavy outfit of flour he finds the big flat desert of the Yukon covered with gold and Harnish reaps a rich harvest. He goes to Dawson, begins investing in corner lots and studies other miners and becomes the most prominent figure in the Klondike.

CHAPTER VI.—Harnish makes fortune after fortune. One lucky investment enables him to defeat a great combination of capitalists in a vast mining deal. He determines to return to civilization and gives a farewell celebration to his friends who is remembered as a kind of blizzard of glory.

CHAPTER VII.—The miners are full of "The King of the Klondike," and Daylight is feted by the money magnates of the country. They give him a big copper deal and the Alaskan pioneer finds himself amid the bewildering complications of big finance.

CHAPTER VIII.—Daylight is lured by the moneyed men and finds that he has been led to invest his eleven million in a manipulated scheme. He meets his disloyal business partners at their offices in New York City.

CHAPTER IX.—Confronting his partners with a revolver in his hand, Daylight threatens to kill them if they do not return to him the money which he has lost. They are forced into submission, return their money and Harnish goes back to San Francisco with his unimpaired fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Daylight meets his fate in Deed Mason, a pretty stenographer with a crippled brother, whom she cares for. Harnish is much attracted toward her and interested in her family affairs.

CHAPTER XI.—He becomes an alien in the large investments on the Pacific coast and gets into the political ring. For a while he goes to London and Europe, then he comes back and eventually is not traded back to the old life on the lone some trail.

CHAPTER XII.—Daylight gets deeper and deeper into high finance in San Francisco. He makes frequent runs into the country, but his mind is still in the speculation trade. Very often, however, the longing for the simple life well up within him.

CHAPTER XIII.—Deed Mason buys a horse and Daylight meets her in her saddle trips. He begins to indulge in horseback riding and manages to get in to her company quite often.

CHAPTER XIV.—One day Daylight asks Deed to go with him on one more ride. His purpose is to make her love him and they enter a race, she tries to analyze her feelings.

CHAPTER XV.—Deed tells Daylight that she likes him but that her heart is not free. She suggests the very thing he could do with his wealth if he so desired.

CHAPTER XVI.—For the sake of his love, Daylight undertakes the scheme of building up a great industrial community among the hills. He wins her regard by interesting himself in her crippled brother.

In the weeks that followed, Daylight was a busy man. It meant quick work on a colossal scale, for Oakland and the adjacent country was not slow to feel the tremendous buying. But Daylight had the ready cash and it had always been his policy to strike quickly. Before the others could get the warning of the boom, he quietly accomplished many things. At the same time that his agents were purchasing corner lots and entire blocks in the heart of the business section and the waste lands for factory sites, Daylight was rushing frantically through the city council, capturing the two exhausted water companies and the eight or nine independent street railways, and getting his grip on the Oakland Creek and the hay fields for his dock system. The tide lands had been in litigation for years, and he took the bill by the horns—buying out the private owners and at the same time losing from the city fathers. By the time that Oakland was aroused by this unprecedented activity in every direction and was questioning excitedly the meaning of it, Daylight secretly bought the chief Republican newspaper and the chief Democratic organ, and moved boldly into his new offices. Of necessity, they were on a large scale, occupying four floors of the only modern office building in the town—the only building that wouldn't be torn down later on as Daylight put it. There was a department after department, a score of them, and hundreds of clerks and stenographers. As he told Deed:—

"I've got more companies than you can shake a stick at. There's the Alameda and Contra Costa Land Syndicate, the Consolidated Street Railways, the Buena Vista Ferry Company, the United Water Company, the Piedmont Realty Company, the Fairview and Portola Hotel Company, and half a dozen more that I've got to refer to a notebook to remember. There's the Piedmont Laundry Farm, and Rockwood Consolidated Quarries. Starting in with my quarry, I just kept buying till I got them all. And there's the ship-building company I ain't got a name for yet. Seeing as I had to have ferryboats, I decided to build them myself. They'll be done by the time the pier is ready for them."

For months Daylight was busy in work. The outlay was terrible, and there was nothing coming in. Beyond a few rising land values, Oakland had not acknowledged his intrusion. A financial scene. The city was for him to show what he was

his crushing experience. no surprise now when the task was given him to locate the purchaser of a certain sorrel mare. "How high shall I pay for her?" he asked. "Any price. You've got to get her, that's the point. Drive a sharp bargain so as not to excite suspicion, but get her. Then you deliver her to that address up in Sonoma County. The man's the caretaker on a little ranch I have there. Tell him he's to take her—good care of her. And after that forget all about it. Don't tell me the name of the man you buy her from. Don't tell me anything about it except that you've got her and delivered her. Saved?"

But the week had not passed, when Daylight noted the flash in Deed's eyes that boded trouble. "Something's gone wrong—what is it?" he said. "Mab," she said. "The man who bought her has sold her already. If I thought you had anything to do with it—"

"I don't even know who you sold her to," was Daylight's answer. "And what's more, I'm not bothering my head about her. She was your mare, and it's none of my business what you did with her. You haven't got her, that's sure, and worse luck. And now, while we're on touchy subjects, I'm going to open another one with you. And you needn't get touchy about it, for it's not really your business at all. It's about that brother of yours. He needs more than you can do for him. Selling that mare of yours won't send him to Germany. And that's what his own doctors say he needs—that crack German specialist who rips a man's bones and muscles into pulp and then moulds them all over again. Well, I want to send him to Germany and give that crack a flutter, that's all."

"If it were only possible!" she said, half breathlessly, and wholly without anger. "Only if I had, and you know it. I can't accept money from you."

"Now look here, Miss Mason. You've got to get some foolish notions out of your head. This money notion is one of the funniest things I've seen. Suppose you was falling over a cliff, wouldn't it be all right for me to reach out and catch you by the arm? Sure it would. You're standing in your brother's way. No matter what notions you've got in your head, you've got to get out of the way and give him a chance. Will you let me go and see him and talk to him with him? I'll make that crack German business proposition. I'll stake him to get well, and that's all, and charge him interest."

She visibly hesitated. "And just remember one thing, Miss Mason: It's his leg, not yours." Still she refrained from giving her answer, and Daylight went on strengthening his position.

"And remember, I go over to see him alone. He's a man, and I can deal with him better with women-folks around. I'll go over tomorrow afternoon."

For six weeks hand-running Daylight had seen nothing of Deed except in the office, where he resolutely refrained from making approaches. But by the seventh Sunday his hunger for her overmastered him. It was a stormy day. A heavy south-east gale was blowing, and squalls of rain or sleet and wind swept over the city. He could not take his mind off her, and a persistent picture came to him of her sitting by a window and sewing feminine fripperies of some sort. When the time came for his pre-lunch cocktail to be served to him in his rooms, he did not take it. Filled with a daring determination, he glanced at his notebook for Deed's telephone number, and called for the switch.

At first it was the landlady's daughter who was raised, but in a minute he heard the voice he had been hungry to hear.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm coming out to see you," she said. "I didn't want to break in on you without warning, that was all."

"Has something happened?" came her voice. "I'll tell you when I get there," he evaded.

She came herself to the door to receive him and shake hands with him. He hung his mackintosh and hat on the rack in the comfortable hall and turned to her for direction. "They are busy in there," she said, indicating the parlor, from which came the soft voices of young people, and through the open door of which he could see several college youths. "So you will have to come into my rooms."

She led the way through the door opening out of the hall to the right, and, once inside, he stood awkwardly rooted to the floor, gazing at him and at her and all the time trying not to gaze. In his perturbation he failed to hear and see her invitation to a seat.

"Won't you sit down?" she repeated. "Look here," he said in a voice that shook with passion, "there's one thing I won't do, and that's propose to you in the office. That's why I'm here. Deed Mason, I want you, I just want you."

So precipitate was he, that she had barely time to cry out her involuntary alarm and to step back, at the same time catching one of his hands as he attempted to gather her into his arms.

"Oh, I know I'm a sure enough fool," he said. "I—I guess I'll sit down. Don't be scared, Miss Mason. I'm not real dangerous."

"I'm not afraid," she answered, with a smile, slipping down herself into a chair. "It's funny," Daylight sighed, almost with regret: "here I am, strong enough to bend you around and about like a willow, and I'm afraid to sit in this chair, as weak and helpless as a little lamb. You sure take the starch out of me."

"I wish you hadn't asked," she said softly. "Mebbe it's best you should know a few things before you give me an answer," he went on, ignoring the fact

that the answer had already been given. "I never want to see a woman before in my life, till reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The stuff you read about me in the papers and books, about me being a lady-killer, is all wrong. There's not an iota of truth in it. I guess I've done more than my share of card-playing and whiskey-drinking, but women I've let alone. There was a woman that killed herself, but I didn't know she wanted her—not for love, but to keep her from killing herself. She was the best of the boiling, but I never gave her any encouragement. I'm telling you all this because you've read about it, and I want you to get it straight from me."

"I can't marry you," she said. "I like you a great deal, but—"

He waited a moment for her to complete the sentence, failing which, he went on himself. "I haven't an exaggerated opinion of myself, so I know I ain't bragging when I say I'll make a pretty good husband."

"Do you know," she said, "I prayed last night about you. I prayed that you would fall, that you would lose everything—everything."

Daylight stared his amazement at this cryptic utterance. "That sure beats me. I always said I got out of my depth with women, and you've got me out of my depth now. Well, you've just got to explain, that's all."

His arms went around her and held her closely, and this time she did not resist. Her head was bowed, and he could not see her face, yet he had a premonition that she was crying. He had learned the virtue of silence, and he waited her will in the matter. "Things had come to such a pass that she was bound to tell him something now. Of that he was confident."

"I would dearly like to marry you," she faltered, "but I am afraid. I am proud and humble at the same time, that a man like you should care for me. But you have too much money. There's where my abominable common sense steps in. Even if I did marry you, you could never be my man—my lover and my husband. You would be your money's man. I know I am a foolish woman, but I want my man for myself. And your money destroys you; it makes you less and less nice. I am not ashamed to say that I love you, because I shall never marry you. And I loved you much when I did not know you at all, when you first came down from Alaska and I first went into the office. You were my hero. You were the Burning Daylight of the gold-diggings, the daring traveler and miner. And you looked it. I don't see how any woman could have looked at you without loving you—then. But you don't look it now. You are a man of the open, have been cooping yourself up in the cities with all that means. You are becoming something different, something not so healthy, not so clean, not so nice. Your money and your way of life are doing it. You know it. You haven't the same body now that you had then. You are putting on flesh, and it is not healthy flesh. You are kind and gentle with me, I know, but you are not kind and gentle to all the world as you were then. You have become harsh and cruel. I do love you, but I cannot marry you and destroy love. You are growing into a thing that I must in the end despise. You can't help it. More than you can possibly love me, do you love this business game. This business—and it's all perfectly useless, so far as you are concerned—claims all of you. I sometimes think it would be easier to share you equitably with another woman than to share you with this business. I might have half of you, at any rate. But this business would claim, not half of you, but nine-tenths of you, or ninety-nine hundredths. You hold back nothing; you put all you've got into whatever you are doing—"

"Limit is the sky," he grunted grimly.

"But if you would only play the lover-husband that way. And now I won't say another word," she added. "I've delivered a whole sermon."

(Continued next week.)

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Hannah, Judge; John M. J. Commonwealth Attorney; R. M. J. Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Justice of the Peace; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Commissioner.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month. Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month. Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

C. FERGUSON, Presiding Judge.

Magistrate's Court. First District—W. G. Short, First Monday in each month. Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after First Monday in each month. Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after First Monday in each month. Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after First Monday in each month. Fifth District—Frank Kennaard, Wednesday after Second Monday in each month. Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after Second Monday in each month. Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after Second Monday in each month. Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after First Monday in each month.

County Officers. Judge—C. Ferguson. Attorney—J. P. Haney. Sheriff—H. B. Brown. Treasurer—W. M. Gardner. Clerk—J. T. Scott. Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker. Jailor—H. C. Combs. Assessor—Whitt Kennaard. Coroner—C. F. Lykins. Surveyor—M. P. Turner. Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett. Deputy G. W. Jno. M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—Meets Wednesday in each month. N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan County holds its regular meeting the Second Monday in each month.

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